

Another Htttyd High School Fic

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Summary: Sophmore, Hannah Haddock lives the life of a musical prodigy and is the Drum Major at her school's football games. What she doesn't expect though is to catch the eye of the football team's quarterback, Alex Hofferson, a junior. This is a gender bender so if you don't like those don't bother reading and then telling me you don't like them. Modern AU setting.

1. Chapter 1

Chapter 1

****So here is another fic about high school from yours truly. So this is going to be a gender (my first one of this type) and I hope that this goes over well. I know from reading other stories that some people don't like the gender benders, but here we go.****

****Hiccup=Hannah****

****Astrid=Alex
(Alexander)****

****Snotlout=Shannon****

****Heather=Hunter****

****Fishlegs=Faith****

****Ruffnut (still fem) =Riley****

****Tuffnut (still male) =Tate****

****Dagur=Darla (Why not make the creepy dude be the creepy girl from Nemo?)****

****Yeah, so that's that, and here we go. The school is modeled after my high school, so yeah. I don't own the Htttyd Franchise and please**

review.**

It's the first day of Hannah Haddock's sophomore year, and she is not looking forward to it. The band instructors had decided to make her the band's Drum Major for the rest of her high school career. The only reason why they chose her is that she is the most fluent with every instrument. The praise was great, but the part she did not look forward to was standing in front of the entire band made up of one hundred eleven kids and the home and away teams and fans during every home football game. To make matters worse, during the first football game that kicked off the season last Friday, the school's star sports player, Alex Hofferson, was decked by the opposing team. Hannah had oddly felt responsible for his accident.

As her father's sleek black Subaru pulled up next to the sidewalk, Hannah tossed her bag over her shoulder. Pushing the car's door open she got out, straightening the hem of her shirt and waved bye to her dad, faltering as he sped away. Hannah was wearing her thick auburn hair in a ponytail, a maroon long sleeved shirt under a thin dark grey sweater, deep washed denim skinny jeans, and her well-worn black knock-off pair of vans sneakers. Tugging at her sleeves, Hannah walked quietly to the side door of the Music Department. Having received her schedule in the mail the previous week, she was relieved to have a majority of her classes online so that she could study music.

Inside, she walked down the half flight of stairs to the band room. The music instructors, Mr. Russell and Mr. Brien where in the small room to her left, picking out the line up of concert music of the year. Knocking hesitantly on the opened door, the teachers told her to enter.

"Ah, here's our Drum Major," Mr. Russell greeted, glancing her way before returning to searching the filing cabinets of music.

"Ready for the football game this Friday night?" Mr. Brien asked, tucking an arrangement under his arm and grabbed for the keys on his lanyard to unlock another cabinet.

"As ready as I'll ever be, I guess," Hannah shrugged, placing her right hand across her body and held her left arm.

"We're going to have you talk to the freshmen today, just give them the just of what to expect with the year and stuff," Mr. Russell informed her, pushing the filing cabinet closed, arms empty.

"Mr. Gallegan has requested you do the same for the freshmen in the choir too," Mr. Brien added.

"Alright, will do," Hannah said, the bell rang and she walked out of the small room and up the half flight of stairs before pulling her schedule. "Period A, Chemistry with Mrs. Thibeault, room four o nine," Hannah muttered to herself, walking in the direction of the 400 wing that housed the Science Department.

Hannah dodged the crowds of kids in the wide hall that ran along the hall for the Music Department and the Science department. Once across the sea of students, she followed the numbers above the doors until she found her destination, right across from her Biology class from the previous year. Entering the room, she found her friend Faith and

sat in the back corner beside her friend.

"Hey," Faith greeted, tapping a pencil against the desk. Faith was more of a husky girl compared to Hannah's thin frame. Faith had had an eating disorder in middle school, and had gone to group therapy, which helped end the problem. She was wearing a band tee and had on some denim pants and sneakers, also fashioned on her head were thick framed glasses.

The warning bell rang and a few of the school's claimed football stars walked into the room. The last two to enter the room were Tate Thorston and Alex Hofferson. When Hannah caught sight of the latter, she quickly ducked her head to act as if she was pulling something out of her bag. She still felt like it was her fault for him being tackled in the season's kick-off game last week. Once she felt that he was no longer facing her way, she straightened herself and tugged at the side of her sweater a little, pulling it closer to her body. Looking forward, Hannah cried out silently, and used her hands. She motioned at the student in front of her and asked herself why the gods hated her.

To make matters worse, Hannah's cousin, Shannon, was sitting next to Alex to her right. She was going to dread this class all year.

Mrs. Thibeault entered the room and grabbed a stack of papers out to the students in front of the rows. The students passed the papers back. Alex grabbed his sheet then twisted in his seat to hand Hannah hers. She looked up from twiddling her thumbs and took the paper. Alex looked at her for a moment after her eyes returned to her desk before he turned around. He didn't recognize her, yet again; he never really cared to look around at the geek population.

Shannon leaned over to him. "Hey, what class do you have next?" She whispered, flipping her dark hair over her shoulder. She was wearing a summer dress even though it was too cool out for the choice of clothing. Her eyes were surrounded by layers of make-up and she was wearing a simple pair of five-dollar flip-flops.

Alex pulled his schedule out of his back pocket, unfolded the piece of paper. He glanced at the type on the page before answering. "Uh, I have CafÃ© Study," he answered, giving a half grin.

When Hannah heard this, she groaned inwardly. She had her first two classes with him and then she was free to be in the Music Department for the rest of the day.

Mrs. Thibeault stood at the front of the class behind her desk. "Greeting class, my name is Mrs. Thibeault and this is Chemistry level four. Now if any of you feel that you don't belong in this class, then I'll write you a pass to go see your guidance counselor," She introduced, her eyes scanned the class and landed on one student with his hand raised.

"Uh, I don't belong here," Tate spoke up, "so could you like write me a pass?"

Mrs. Thibeault motioned for him to go to her desk. She wrote on a sheet of paper and he left the room.

The class period seemed to go by quickly, and Hannah walked to the

Cafeteria. Her study advisor was Mr. Dolan and she spotted the man at a table with the attendance. She walked to the line of students and waited her turn.

Mr. Dolan looked up at her from the rim of his glasses. "Name?" He asked.

"Hannah Haddock," she answered, he checked her name off his list. "Might I be able to get a pass for the Music Department?" She asked, hoping to escape spending fifty minutes in a place where she knew no one personally.

Mr. Dolan reached for the hall passes, he scribbled her name, and where she was going down. "Here," he said, holding the pass out for her.

"Thank you," Hannah said, turning on her heel for the Music Department.

She was absently reading the pass with a small smile playing on her lips. Unbeknownst to her, students were texting on his or her phone and not watching where they were going. An audible oof was heard from Hannah and the other student. Hannah looked up to see that she bumped into Alex.

"Oh, sorry," Hannah squeaked, taking a step back.

"Don't worry about it," Alex regarded coolly, stooping over to retrieve his fallen phone. When he was stood straight again, his eyes widened slightly and his nostrils flared a little to see whom he bumped into. Normally no one would have noticed his slight change in expression, but Hannah did in the close proximity.

Hannah made a move to walk to his right but he mirrored her. Trying to move to his left next, he mirrored her again. "I'm justâ€| yep," Hannah stuttered, pointing to the left.

This time Alex went the opposite direction of her and laughed to himself about the silliness of geeks. Obviously, that girl was because she was talking to Faith Ingerman, the biggest geek in the whole school. He turned to see the girl scurry away and take a left down by the main office. _Correction, _he thought to himself, _she is the school's biggest geek for being in band. _

Hannah sighed as she opened the door to the stage, no one was inside. She towed a chair from one of the many stacks and placed it in the center of the stage. Sitting in the chair, she pulled her silver laptop out of her backpack and flipped the cover to turn on the power button. While waiting for the device to come to life, Hannah reached into the front pocket of her bag for her ear buds. The screen of her computer came to life and she plugged the ear buds into the jack and leaned her head to each side as she wiggled the earpieces into position. Hannah typed in her password and her desktop popped up. Moving her finger on the mouse pad, the mouse scrolled over the Finale Notepad icon before clicking to open the program.

Waiting for the program to open, Hannah crossed her legs on the chair. Finale Notepad opened and requested which file she wanted to open. Her email notification sounded in her ear, the new email pop up appeared and Hannah clicked on the read button, curious to who would

email her in the middle of the school day. The message was from the film club, they wanted to know if she would compose a score for their newest project.

Hannah replied requesting more information before choosing her latest composition, a modern interpretation on Pachelbel's Cannon.

Before she knew it, the school day had flown by with all of her involvement with music. After stopping by her locker, Hannah left the building and walked in the direction of her home. Along the way, the typical name calling was heard from the passing cars and buses.

Once she was farther from the school, the insults became fewer. The walk from school to Hannah's house was almost three miles, the bus did not go by her street due to it being a private neighborhood, and her dad worked late each night.

An hour later, Hannah arrived at the familiar gold painted gates of her street. The security guard greeted her with a smile and a nod, informing her that there was a new family moving in.

_Great, _Hannah thought, _another stuck up kid from school is here to make my life even more of a living hell._

Hannah's house was large, yet again so were all the others minus the fact that she had a larger yard than all the others did. Hannah checked the mailbox and grabbed the mail before walking up the empty driveway. Reaching the garage, she typed the security code into the panel and stepped back as the door opened. Inside there was an empty space next to a car that was waiting for her when she turned sixteen. She walked up the few stairs to the inside and pushed the heavy door open. She stepped to the right and turned to face the door was to close it and then turn off the house alarm. The next room closest to her was her music room; her father had made the room for her last year when she received the title of Concert Master in the orchestra.

Hannah threw her bag on the floor of her music before taking a left and entered the kitchen. As usual was a note from her dad on the fridge. This one said that he would have to be away for an overnight business trip, and that he had arranged for the Jorgenson's to give her a ride to school in the morning.

"Greaattt," Hannah groaned, pronouncing the 't'. "Just what I need, to get insulted by Shannon even more."

Hannah opened the fridge to grab an apple and went to the stairs located in the front hall. She ran up the stairs and into her room on the first left to change into comfortable clothes.

When she finished changing, Hannah went to her music room and started to tap away on the keyboard until she heard noise outside. Turning to face the window in her swivel chair, she stood and walked closer to the window. Peeking out the curtain, she saw a moving truck in the driveway next door. Squinting, she made out the figure of a guy she guessed to be around her age and who looked to be his parents.

****So who is her new neighbor? So anyways, I am completely swamped with homework, which means I will update all my stories when I can. Please review and let me know what you think.****

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2

****So I had a full school day's worth of homework, thank god it was voting day where I am. And my taste buds are gone due to the fact that I have unintentionally and successfully burned them on my dinner for the umpteenth time in my life. I realize that I did not describe Alex at all in the last chapter, so I guess like a Taylor Lautner-y haircut and he was wearing a white long sleeve pushed up to the elbows and medium washed denim jeans with like those big bulky kind of white sneakers you see some guys wear. So here is this story. I don't own the Httyd Franchise and please review. Oh and I will love you forever if you know where one of these lines are from.****

A car's horn was heard outside Hannah's home the next morning. Hannah rushed down the stairs from her room, grabbing her bag and slipping on a pair of shoes, she ran out the door. She turned briefly to arm the alarm then turned to the car parked in her driveway.

"Get in, Loser! We're going shopping," Shannon, Hannah's cousin yelled from the driver's seat.

"But we have school," Hannah said, shocked that her cousin was going to skip.

"Well, either you get in or you walk to school," Shannon gave Hannah a mock smile.

"Why can't you just drop me off and then go on your way?" Hannah asked, opposed to the idea of walking to school.

"No way, then someone might see me," Shannon said, acting like the idea left a bad taste in her mouth.

"Ugh, fine," Hannah mumbled, starting down the remaining distance of her driveway.

Shannon backed up and startled Hannah when she reached the road, causing her to hiccup. "If I were you, I'd just stay home instead of being marked tardy, Hiccup," Shannon pointed out, leaning across the counsel between the seats. Shannon knew from experience that when her cousin got frightened unexpectedly, she hiccupped.

"Just two more years of dealing with her until she goes to college," Hannah reminded herself under her breath.

"What was that, Hiccup?" Shannon asked. She had caught sight of Hannah's lips moving.

"Oh, just that I'm not going to be late," Hannah said smiling.

She ran back to her garage and unlocked the side door. Inside, she found her bike. The tires were obviously flat, so Hannah rushed to the other side of the garage to get the hand pump. When the tires were done being filled, she pushed the bike out the door she came through and jumped on. Hannah began pedaling down the road and through the neighborhood gate.

She reached the school in the nick-of-time, the admit bell had just rang as she pulled up to the bike racks. Hannah walked in the building and let out a sigh of relief when most of the students were still in the halls. She walked down the main hall and took a left to Chemistry.

Today, she was the last one to class. Her face turned a little red when she saw that everyone was watching her. She walked stiffly to her seat next to Faith, who had her short hair pulled up in an elastic on the top of her head.

"I thought you weren't coming," Faith whispered to Hannah as she sat down.

"Well this isn't going to be normal, my stupid cousin decided to skip school and go shopping," Hannah explained, whispering back to her friend before looking forward.

What Hannah didn't expect was for the kid in front of her to turn around. "You're Shannon's cousin?" Alex asked incredulously.

"Yeah, I know, not much family resemblance at all," Hannah said sarcastically, using her hands for emphasis and rolling her eyes.

Alex made a scoffing noise before turning back around. The teacher entered the room and looked the class over.

"Hannah, you're needed in the office," Mrs. Thibeault addressed her.

Hannah scrunched her eyebrows together and pushed herself up out of her seat before leaving the room. She could hear her classmates say 'Ooo' behind her before Mrs. Thibeault silenced them.

Hannah walked to the main office to see her dad standing near the receptionist's desk. She pushed the door open. "Dad? What are you doing here?" She asked, confused.

Her dad turned around, he was a big man compared to her. "Well I came to pick you up," he offered.

"But why? I mean the day isn't even half over," Hannah explained, using her hands again.

"Well, I thought that we could do some father daughter bonding," he said smoothly.

"But I have a meeting with the film club next period," Hannah raised her voice slightly, but stopped when she saw the receptionist give her a look.

"I think that this is worth it," her father tried.

"Well, will I be back by the end of the day at least?" She asked monotonously.

"Of course you will," he said jollily, placing a hand on her shoulder and leading her out of the office.

Once they exited the building and were in her father's car, Hannah turned to him. "What is this all about that is so important that you took me out of school?" She asked, a little furious at the idea that her father would make her miss most of her music classes when he knows how much they mean to her.

"We're going to go meet some people," he said, his voice even jollier than before if it was possible.

"Who?" Hannah asked, crossing her arms.

"You'll see," he said, pulling out of the school lot.

When they reached their destination, Hannah awed in amazement at where they were, the local Philharmonic Orchestra. She turned to her father. "What are we doing here?" She asked.

"Like I said before, we're going to meet some people," he explained, getting out of the small black car.

They walked up the steps of the building and inside. Inside there was a family outside the auditorium and the father of the family waved them over. Hannah looked from her father to the group in front of them questioningly. She knew that she knew these people, she just couldn't place where. Then it hit her, literally. The family's daughter had punched her on the arm.

"Ow!" Hannah winced from the unexpected impact. Looking at her oppressor, she recognized instantly the devilish smile that played on the girl's lips.

"Darla?!" She half shouted out of surprise and terror. "W-what are you doing here?" Hannah stuttered, rubbing her arm.

"Oh, the same as you, checking out the orchestra," Darla answered simply, inspecting her nails.

Hannah and Darla had met a few years back at a fiddle camp. That was the most painful summer in all of Hannah's existence. The reason being, not only because of the physical aspect, but because Darla had been the Concert Master that summer.

Hannah laughed nervously in response before following their parents into the auditorium. This was going to be a long day.

Yeah so, short chapter I know, but this is a good cut off point content wise. So how do you like the introduction of Darla? Please let me know what you think by reviewing.

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3

**So I got my seating audition piece for orchestra, it's Canon in D for stings. That means the same eight notes over and over for the whole song, yay me. I convinced my friend to do the swim team and join the yearbook all in one day, but she's making me go to the newspaper tomorrow. My poor beloved cello needs to be sent in for

repairs because it's breaking :'(sob. But at least I'll have a loaner at school in the meantime. Oh and this kid Noah's cello broke out of nowhere today, my of my friends walked up to him and said hey then the thing snapped and the neck is completely detached from the body.**

In other words, it was a good day. I don't own the Htttyd Franchise and please review.

Hannah's life had spiraled from awkward to miserable in a matter of hours. After the Philharmonic concert, she found out that, Darla was transferring to her school and that she would live with them for the rest of the year. Darla was popular even if it doesn't have to do with the Australian accent. Hannah and Darla were two of forty kids around the globe to attend that summer camp. Darla had been the center of attention and Hannah would hang around the edge of the crowd. Although Darla was in the Music Department, she was extremely popular, creating an aura that gingers that play the violin were the best of any music student. The only upper hand on Darla that Hannah had was being fluent with each instrument.

It was currently Friday morning, which meant that there was a football game that evening. It also meant that Hannah would be assigned a lab partner in Chemistry. She already knew whom she was going to pair up with; she was going to work with Faith in that class.

What she didn't know though, was that the teacher had already chosen the students lab partners by alphabetical order.

Hannah walked into Chemistry and sat in her usual seat. Mrs. Thibeault started the day's lesson and then proceeded to name off the lab partners. Mrs. Thibeault made the groups by taking the names that appeared first on the list and pairing them with the ones last on the list. Hannah inwardly groaned when Faith was paired with someone else. The only other person left without a partner was Alex. When the teacher called out their names and directed them to a lab station, sexual whistling was mockingly heard from his friends.

Hannah rolled her eyes and sat at one of the two stools at lab bench twelve. Mrs. Thibeault began to hand out papers. When Hannah received hers, she groaned again, it was a "get to know your partner" assignment. Unconsciously, she shrank into her favorite green sweater, tucking her hands up the sleeves and wrapping an arm around her body as her other hand went to support her cheek.

"Well, are we going to do this paper or not?" Alex asked, snapping Hannah out of her thoughts.

"Oh, yeah, sure," Hannah replied, grabbing a pencil from her bag.

"When's your birthday?" Alex asked, his eyes not leaving the sheet in front of him.

"February twenty ninth, nineteen ninety eight," Hannah replied, refusing the urge to throw in a sarcastic comment. "You?"

"October fifth, nineteen ninety seven. Wanna just switch papers instead?" Alex asked, after looking around and seeing that everyone

else was swapping papers.

"Sure," Hannah agreed, handing over her sheet.

By the time class ended, Hannah finished Alex's paper and vice versa. They parted ways, Hannah heading to meet the film club who arranged to be in the auditorium.

The group greeted her as she entered the auditorium and ushered her to the front row. They had a PowerPoint set up and everything on the overhead.

"So, the topic of this year's film festival has to be centered on someone in the school," the leader, Justin, a senior, began.

"And we decided to center our film on you!" A girl, Jamie, a junior, squeaked excitedly.

"Me? But I'm not interesting, all I do is play music," Hannah explained, looking at the group wide eyed.

"Oh, we know, but they never said that you had to be the topic of the film, just that you had to be centered on it. So we took the liberty of looking in your file, and we've found our subject of this year's film festival. Instead of going live action, we're going animated with this new technology we got this year," Justin continued, clicking a button on the laptop that was hooked up to the overhead. A lanky boy in a fur vest popped up and resembled Hannah.

"What's that?" Hannah asked, pointing to the figure on the screen.

"That, is you as a Viking, we found out that you have a Scandinavian background, so we're doing something Norse," Jamie grinned ear to ear, leaning close to Hannah.

"Now, the film will be titled How to Train Your Dragon, and you, the village outcast, does something unimaginable, you befriend the most badass dragon known to the Viking world, the Night Fury," Justin explained animatedly.

"Now, all you have to do is compose the full score," Jamie shrugged.

"But Iâ€¦" Hannah began, before another member interrupted.

"And the best is that we're doing something no other film club has ever done before, use a live orchestra!" Another girl, Tessa shrieked in excitement.

"But where are you going to get a full concert orchestra from?" Hannah asked, confused.

"Well, we thought about using the school's band, chorus, and orchestra, but decided against it to make our film idea a surprise from all except you until the reveal," another senior, Nick explained, looking up from a note pad.

"So, we've asked the local Philharmonic to help out with this, and they agreed," Tessa finished, looking at the gathered group

approvingly.

"Just one question, when do I have to have the score done?" Hannah asked, her eyes shifting to each member.

"Well, about that, the film festival is in May, and the Philharmonic requested the music two months in advance to practice, so by the latest, March fifteenth. But on the bright side, you get to conduct the orchestra," Justin offered, a hopeful smile on his face.

"Alright, I can do this, of course I'll have to postpone all my online classes, but this is workable," Hannah spoke aloud to herself; the film club's antics grew when they heard her answer. "Do you have the animation finished, or at least a rough copy that I could go over?" Hannah directed to the group this time.

"We have some beginning scenes finished, but we have all of the storyboard done, we'll email it to you right now," Jamie answered, attaching the file to an email as she spoke.

"Great, I can get started on this when I get home," Hannah smiled, standing.

"Oh, and don't forget that you can't tell anyone, this is our big dÃ©but to show the world what we're made of," Tessa reminded Hannah, as the latter walked up the aisle of the auditorium.

Yeah so now the film club has divulged their plan to Hannah. I like the way I am presenting this. I based the film club members after upperclassmen I know. Please let me know what you think either by reviewing or pm-ing me :)

4. Chapter 4

Chapter 4

So here I am, typing away at a computer. The chapters should be longer on the weekends when I have more time. I don't own the Htttyd Franchise and please review.

That Friday night the football game went off without a hitch. The Vikings had defeated the Berserkeres twenty eight to twenty one. Hannah had been a little distracted, not really paying too much attention to the game. The news from the film club had shocked her so much that morning, which was all that she could think about. The number one worst thing about the game though, was that Alex had been tackled again and Hannah felt that that was her fault for some reason, she blamed it on her being distracted.

Darla had fit right in with the crowd in the grand stand and had even managed to convince Hannah to throw a celebratory party at her place after the game. Hannah had never had anyone outside of her family, with the exception of Darla step foot in her home. Plus, her dad was away a lot of the time, being head of the town, Berk, and all. Last Hannah knew, Darla had only invited ten people.

Darla was older than Hannah by a year and drove them to and from the game. On the way home, Darla decided to stop at the convenience store

to pick up party essentials. Hannah sat in the car and drew small pictures on the window from the condensation in her breath. When Darla returned, they drove home in silence, mostly because Hannah was opposed to answering Darla's questions and resulting to silence.

The tan Subaru pulled into the driveway and Hannah was the first out before walking to the garage door and unlocking it. Darla followed with a few bags in her hands.

"When are these people showing up?" Hannah asked after shutting the alarm code off.

"Oh, whenever they decide to high tail their butts out of the stadium," Darla answered, placing the bags on the counter.

Hannah went to the main hall and climbed the stairs to her room. She planned to take a shower. After entering her room, she locked the door. She was glad to have an on suite bathroom.

When Hannah felt satisfied and clean she shut the water off to hear muffled voices from below. She put on a random t-shirt from one of her drawers and grabbed a pair of sweatpants from another. Once she was fully clothed, she opened her door a crack. Poking her head out, she tried to identify who was there from the voices. Shannon was first heard, laughing her head off in a cackling manner. Then Hannah heard bickering, which she knew were the twins, Riley and Tate, man they were annoying. There were a few more voices, but she could not identify them.

Hannah swore. There was only one staircase to the second floor and it lead right to the front hall and right across the way was the living room, the source of the party.

Slowly, Hannah began her descent, stopping every now and then to ensure her presence went unnoticed. However, much to her displeasure, she was spotted at the base of the stairs, by no other than her Shannon. Hannah could tell immediately that she was drunk, along with the rest of the kids gathered in her living room.

"Hey, Hiccup, come join us for a drink," Shannon offered, swaying from side to side where she sat in the lap of another boy.

"I'd much rather not, even if all this looks very enticing," Hannah said blatantly, gesturing to the scene before her with her hands. With that, Hannah turned and went through the kitchen to her music room. She was excited to start her newest project; she could surely use it as part of her application for Berklee

Once in the safety of her private space, she drew the blinds over the glass door and got to work.

Alex was at the very least uninterested in this so called party. The first things that turned him off was the alcohol, as an athlete, just being found at the same place as this stuff would get him kicked off the team. Then finding out that his geeky lab partner who was so geeky according to that worksheet, lived here, he didn't even know that she was his new neighbor until now. The final straw was when both Shannon, Darla, and Riley threw themselves at him seeking attention.

Alex "claimed" to have a thing for Shannon like all the other guys on the team, because who wouldn't for the captain of the cheerleading squad. He honestly thought of her as annoying and wanted nothing to do with her.

Alex stood abruptly, causing Shannon and Darla to fall on their faces and spill their drinks. He made an excuse to use the bathroom even though it was nowhere in his desired direction, but he hoped that in their state that it wouldn't make a difference.

He walked to where he saw Hannah to find the door closed. All he wanted was to have a civil conversation with someone who wasn't drunk. He grabbed the door handle and turned it, it was locked. He knocked on the door a few times, and was answered by a "Go away," from the other side.

Digging into his pockets, he found a paperclip, god knows why he had it, but he decided to stick it into the key hole until he heard a click.

He opened the door slowly to reveal a room lined with sound pads and a various array of instruments scattered around the room. In the center of it, all was Hannah wearing big boxy headphones, biting her bottom lip and staring intently at a computer screen. She sat in a swivel chair in front of a desk and some recording equipment and to her right stood a keyboard.

It took her a moment to look up, but then she looked back down and then realization dawned on her and her eyes grew big. "I, uh, what are you doing here, Alex?" She stuttered, quickly closing out of something on her computer screen.

"Getting away from all the drunkards in the next room," Alex shrugged, pointing a thumb over his shoulder.

"And you're here why?" Hannah asked confused, placing the headphones on the now closed computer screen.

"No one's home next door and was hoping for at least one civil conversation with someone who still had their wits about them," he explained, moving into the room more and leaning against the wall.

"Wait, you're my neighbor?" Hannah asked nit believing what she just heard.

Alex nodded like it was no big deal.

"Great, now I have to see you both in and out of school," Hannah commented more to herself than him.

Alex feigned a hurt noise. "You're the first one who hasn't wanted to be blessed with my presence," Alex said sounding offended.

"Well, it's actually not that hard to not want to be around people, speaking of which, get out," Hannah said sternly, pointing to the open door.

Alex put his hands up and left the room.

I wanted to put a party scene in but I feel like this was too early in their character development together, but oh well. By the way, would anyone be willing to donate \$7015 to me so that I can go to Europe this summer? I know it's not likely, but just thought that I'd put that out there. Please let me know what you think.

5. Chapter 5

Chapter 5

So, the way I update my stories is by what idea comes to me so just letting ya'll know that. Guess what? For the first time in three whole years, our school beat our neighboring rivals 14-0! That's saying a lot seeing as everyone knows our high school football team sucks. But anyways, the school marching band came up with a victory dance, which I just find hilarious, they put a video on Facebook and it aired Friday night on our local news station. Oh and I messed up on the year Hannah was born, I meant 1999 because if it was '98 she'd be a junior but she is only a sophomore. I don't own the Htttyd Franchise and please review.

It was mid October and Hannah had figured out the melody for most of the songs to accompany the film club's rough edged documentary. She kept trying to come up with a melody for a few of the songs that the same melody is fitting, but kept erasing it because she felt that she wasn't conveying enough feeling for the part.

The way that Hannah composes music is by what she knows the feeling of. The easy parts were excitement and terror, but as she skipped around the film's layout, she found it harder and harder to compose hurt and love.

She also knew annoyance, Alex had begun to persist that she answer random questions that he'd ask her, like "_Do you like cheese?" _ Hannah rolled her eyes at that question and answered saying that she does and who wouldn't.

Darla had started dating this new student at their school, Hunter, Hannah disliked the guy. He was always over and Hannah didn't like the way he looked at her, like she was a lion's prey, it gave her the creeps. She had heard that he was a transfer from the neighboring town of Meatery.

The film club had kept pushing out completed scenes of the film to better help Hannah with composing the soundtrack. She went to their meeting each week in the auditorium, where they showed her the characters and gave a summary about the character. The first song that she completed was _See you Tomorrow;_ the film club went ballistic after they listened to the track. Hannah printed the score and parts and sent it out to the Philharmonic so that they could start practicing.

"So, Hannah, you've been awfully busy lately, Whatcha been up to?" Darla asked when Hannah came home late one night.

"Oh, you know, band rehearsals, for the football games," Hannah fibbed, rocking back and forth on her feet.

"Uh-huh," Darla licked her lips, "what do you do when you're in that

room of yours? You spend a lot of time in there," she pointed out, taking a step toward said room.

"Oh, ha ha, just messing around with different recording tracks, not much. It is my dream to become a big time composer you know," Hannah added, subtly moving closer to her music room.

"So you wouldn't mind if I went in or anything would you?" Darla asked curiously.

"Oh, you know what, right now isn't a good time because Iâ€¦ because it's a mess in there!" Hannah lied again, this time her fib wasn't as convincing.

"Hmm, would a pile of papers crush me if I open this door right now?" Darla asked skeptically about Hannah's odd behavior.

"Well, no," Hannah admitted. "But, hey, Darla, remember that time that we went swimming, and you tried to drown me?" Hannah asked laughing a little to distract Darla as she stood fully in front of the door now.

"Oh yeah, that was fun, we'll have to do that again sometime," Darla smiled; she turned on her heel and headed toward the living room. "Oh, and Hunter's coming over soon," she added with a wry smile.

"Ugh, great," Hannah groaned, turning the knob on her music room door before entering.

The next morning when Hannah woke up, she sat up in bed to stretch. When her hand reached the back of her neck, she noticed that something was off; she frantically started searching for the length of her auburn hair on her head. She jumped out of bed and ran to the mirror in her bathroom; her hair was cut up choppyly.

"Darla!" Hannah shouted with as much anger as she could muster. Hannah walked out into the hall and to the door across the way that Darla occupied. She threw the door open to find Darla sitting at a desk chair and looking contently into a small mirror as she applied make up.

"Yes?" Darla answered, not looking away from the mirror.

"Why did you do it?" Hannah asked.

"Do what?" Darla asked, glancing at Hannah by way of the mirror.

"This," Hannah gestured frantically at her hair.

"Oh, that, I was dared to do it," Darla explained, shrugging it off.

"Why?" The brunette asked, holding her arms out in front of her.

"Because Darla Sherman never backs out of a dare," the red head answered, placing her mascara on the desk and standing.

"I can't go to school like this," Hannah complained, pulling at her scalp.

"Sure you can, just wear a hood," Darla shrugged, moving over to the bed and picking up a sweater.

"Ugh," Hannah moaned leaving the room in defeat.

Mrs. Thibeault read off the names on her roster. "Hannah Haddock," the teacher called out. When she didn't receive an answer, she asked again. "Has anyone seen Hannah Haddock this morning?" Mrs. Thibeault turned to the class to see a few shaking their heads no and others drooling on their desks.

"I'm here! I'm here, sorry I'm late," Hannah yelled as she skidded into the classroom. "I had aâ€¦" Hannah's train of thought left her when she saw everyone in the class looking at her. Hannah walked in silence to her seat.

"What happened to your hair?" Faith voiced the question everyone was wondering.

"Darla happened," Hannah answered with a sour tone.

"Well, it looks nice at least," Faith offered, gesturing to Hannah's mop of hair.

"This is what I did to it after I showered, it was much worse," Hannah explained, pulling on a strand of her auburn hair. Her hair was much more neatly cut after she evened out the rough cut Darla gave her.

"Alright class, go to your lab stations," Mrs. Thibeault announced, clapping her hands together.

Hannah walked to her lab station in the back of the room and took a seat. Alex followed suit. "So, that's what she was dared to do," he commented as he sat.

Hannah glared at him. "You knew about this?"

"Only after that stupid party she threw last month," Alex defended. "And I didn't even know what the dare was; just that she had to do something to you."

Hannah scoffed and went to pull her hair behind her ear.

The class went by agonizingly slow for Hannah. She was glad that the film club wanted to meet with her next period. When she opened the door to the auditorium, she was greeted by shrieks of delight.

"Oh my gosh, Hannah! Your hair is amazing!" They greeted her, each one stood side by side in a circle around her.

"Thanks guys, I think," Hannah said, tugging on another strand of hair. "It was all part of Darla's stupid dare," Hannah informed them.

"Well, it looks just like your characters!" Justin acknowledged, receiving nods and yeses for his observation.

"It needs just a little tweaking," Jamie decided, pulling Hannah to a chair and went to her bag to pull out a pair of scissors. "Hey, Nick, pull up our Hiccup on the projector," Jamie requested, "I want to get this perfect."

In a matter of minutes, Hannah's hair was an exact replica of her character Hiccup. Throughout many arguments that she lost, the film club insisted on her character being named Hiccup. She had recently began opening up to them so that they could get a better feel for Hiccup. It made Hannah feel like she belonged somewhere other than with the musical groups who didn't like her all that much.

"So, are we going to see you wear this hair proudly at the football game tonight or what?" Tessa asked as she held up the back of her phone as make shift mirror for Hannah. "Or are you going to cover it up under those ugly helmets?"

"Well, I like to refer to them as chicken buckets, because of that big plume of a feather," Hannah explained. "And no, I won't wear the helmet," Hannah smiled.

"Yes! We're going to be there recording the whole thing!" Justin declared, grinning wildly.

"Oh, I almost forgot, I have a few new songs done," Hannah giggled at the group's excitement.

"Ooo, what is it?" Jamie asked, jumping a little.

"They're Forbidden Friendship, New Tail, and Dragon Training," Hannah answered, pulling her laptop out of her bag.

The film club was absolutely blown away by Forbidden Friendship, after hearing the track they decided to get rid of the dialogue and have it just be the music.

****I really like this chapter. That is all. Please review and tell me what you think.****

6. Chapter 6

Chapter 6

****So school is cool I guess if you count the unbelievable amounts of homework they give you. So I recorded my seating audition last night and let me just say that I flat out plateaued on it and could get no better what so ever. Let's see, so my school is being accredited in October and that scares the bejeeves out of me because colleges will basically throw my application in the trash without a second thought if our school isn't accredited. I feel that I should be listening to the first movie's soundtrack, but I love the second just so much more. My friend and I are going to the Scottish Highland Games tomorrow up at Loon Mountain, which should be fun, and cold, but fun. I have to write to stinking essays this weekend this is why we shouldn't have homework. I don't own the Httyd Franchise and please review.****

"No, absolutely horrid, no offense, but it just doesn't go with what

we're trying to convey here," Justin stated harshly.

"I'll change it then, think of it as a rough draft then, I fix it and make it flow with the mood you want," Hannah reasoned, closing the screen of her laptop.

"Please do, this just isn't what we were going for, and I know that you are such an amazing person, that you'll fix it up to be perfect!" Justin said, impersonating a stereotypically Italian voice and persona.

It was almost the end of October and Hannah had attempted to compose the last track of the movie. The film club thought that all the different instruments involved was just over crowding the point that they wanted to convey, the hero wakes up from a coma to find out that his left leg is missing.

Hannah stood from the seat she occupied and followed Justin out of the auditorium, the other club members had had prior commitments that afternoon and Hannah had stayed after since there was a football game at four that day.

The two parted ways in the hall and Hannah walked down the hall of art classrooms to reach the band room at the end of the hall. All the marching uniforms were kept in portable closets in the hall. Opening one of the closet doors, Hannah pulled out her white marching uniform, being Drum Major; her uniform differed from the red of her classmates.

The only bathroom in the hall she was currently in was the boy's bathroom. She always found it odd how there was never a girls bathroom down this hall. Seeing as no one was relatively close by, Hannah decided to change in the stall. When she was half-undressed, she heard laughter emanating from the hallway outside.

"Ha, yeah right, she so totally has a crush on him, haven't you seen the way that Hannah gets all red in his presence?" Riley laughed. Hearing her name caught her attention, Hannah leaned her ear against the slight crack of the stall door to listen.

"Now that you mention it, you're right. I mean Chemistry partners. Come on, that is a classic set up," Shannon laughed alongside her friend.

_Shit, _Hannah thought, _I forgot that the cheerleaders came early for practice. _Hannah bit her lower lip and continued to change.

That night at the football game, there was only a minute left for the Vikings to score a goal. This was the deciding game; if the Vikings won tonight, they would be moving on to the Turkey Bowl in November. The bleachers were overcrowded by students and parents. Hannah was even surprised to catch a glimpse of her dad near the press box from her position on the track.

Hannah blew a whistle to gather the band at attention before striking the beat for one of the many songs played that night. It was an arrangement of the Beach Boys, _Be True to your School._ The band instructors always chose that piece for each football season, and no one complained.

Hannah was no longer paying attention to the game going on behind her; she was in her prime of conducting the marching band when the crowd rose to their feet screaming. Hannah turned to the game to see what was happening, just to be run into by half the football team.

Bracing for impact was impossible, but to her surprise, instead of tackling her like she expected, they ran into the crowd and started cheering with them. That's when she knew that they won. Then she realized that this was a first in the school's history. That meant Mr. Brien and Mr. Russell are going to hand out brand new songs and half time routines to the band for the next step in high school football.

The next thing Hannah knew was that her feet were no longer on the ground. She looked down frantically, to see that she was situated on the shoulders of one of the team's players.

"Could you please put me down?" Hannah shouted down to her captor over the roar of the crowd.

The football didn't seem to hear her over all the excitement and walked closer to a congregation of his teammates.

Hannah rapped her knuckles on the boy's helmet in attempt to get his attention. He shifted below her and she asked again, "Could you put me down?"

He responded by doing what she asked. Once both her feet were firmly planted on the ground, she straightened her uniform a little before nodding and saying thanks before walking away.

Hannah dodged the rest of the students in the stands that were still making their way down to the field. Once at the top, she looked back and smiled to herself that she didn't mess up before entering the parking lot. She pulled off her marching helmet and tucked it under her arm as she walked. She ran a hand through her hair to unmold it from the shape of the helmet.

She walked to the other side of the building and pulled on the door. The door opened to her relief and she stepped inside. The warm rush of air blew on Hannah's face as her eyes adjusted to the change in lighting.

She walked into the band room to her band locker and pulled her favorite green sweatshirt from its confines. Resting the hood on the locker door, she unbuttoned her white marching jacket, thankful for having worn a tank top underneath before swapping it for her sweatshirt.

Someone ran into the band room at that moment, panting. "Do you know whose shoulders you were on just now?" It was Faith; she looked like she ran here all the way from the football field.

"No, why?" Hannah asked, moving towards her friend.

"It was Alex Hofferson! Do you know what this means?" Faith squealed, jumping on her toes a little like a fangirl.

"Please, he wouldn't willingly go near me if he was on fire and I had the only bucket of water in the world," Hannah deadpanned disbelievingly.

"Well, it's true," Faith pulled a flip phone from her pocket. "I can prove it."

"Then please, show me oh great Faith," Hannah sarcastically sassed.

Faith pulled the picture up on the small phone screen and turned it to her friend. In fact, Alex had her on his shoulders.

"He probably only did that because I didn't screw up conducting during this game and didn't cause him to get decked because of it," Hannah shrugged. "You ready to go?"

"Or, maybe because he actually likes you," Faith gushed, following behind Hannah as they left the school.

"Ha! Like I said, if he was on fire and I had the only bucket of water, he wouldn't come near me," Hannah scoffed at the notion.

"Oh yeah, do you want to go with me and my mom to the Highland Games this weekend?" Faith asked, changing the subject since it was not going anywhere.

"Sure, it's not like my dad would notice anyways," Hannah smiled at her friend.

*_*_*the Next Day*_*_*

Hannah along with Faith and her mom arrived at the Highland Games around the opening of the festival. IT was already crowded, the onsite parking packed with cars of all makes and models. The air was chilly and the sky was just clearing from a slight drizzle.

Stepping from the car, the three women were greeted by the music of bagpipes. Following the sound through the parking lot, they merged with a congregation of other spectators and people of Scottish decent.

Once inside the gates, a girl with bright red curly hair was making her way through the crowd. "Excuse me, will you sign this so that I can participate in the games?" The girl asked in a thick Scottish accent, shoving a pen and paper with a few names listed on it.

"Uh, sure, why not," Hannah answered, taking the objects from the girl's hands. Faith took the sheet when Hannah was done.

Looking around the crowd of people swarming tents and the nearby field, she thought she heard someone call her name. Turning, she saw no one she knew.

"So, Hannah, you want to see the pipes and band competition?" Faith asked, glancing at her friend.

"Sure, it's sounds interesting," Hannah replied, looking at all the different tartans and outfits of the groups walking by. "How is it that there can be so many without the pattern repeating even once?"

Hannah asked absentmindedly, not directing the question toward anyone.

"That is because there are so many possibilities by just changing a color and the proportion of the colors," Someone answered, looping an arm around Hannah's shoulder.

Hannah faced the person and knit her eyebrows, he looked familiar but she could not place a name or where from.

The person removed their arm from around her before placing his hand in front of her. "The name's Cameron, clan Lamont," Cameron greeted with a smile.

"Hannah," Hannah returned, shaking his hand apprehensively.

"Are you a fellow Scotswoman?" Cameron asked, flashing a smile at her.

"No, I'm here with my friend who is though," Hannah answered, pointing a thumb at Faith. Faith waved to him.

"Well, you should come by the pipes and drum competition, I'll be there," Cameron baited, giving another smile.

"We were already planning on it," Hannah spoke bluntly, finding how he was smiling annoying.

"Great." Again another smile. Cameron walked away purposely trying to show in his kilt. Hannah made a disgusted noise and face, earning a laugh from Faith and her mom.

The bleachers around the asphalt stage for the competition was packed full of spectators. Many people had hot plates of food varying from soup to haggis and thumps on the cold fall day. The first competing group came onto the makeshift stage. Hannah could not hear the judges announce the name of the group, but listened patiently for their song to begin.

Half way through the group's song, the same red haired girl marched to the group and shoved them aside, causing their song to end horribly in a mess of noise. The girl gave the judges table a death glare before turning to the crowd. "My name is Merida! I am here before you because I deem it unfair that I cannot participate in the games!" The girl, Merida shouted, holding up a sheet of paper, the same one that Hannah and Faith signed. "I need just one more person to sign this paper for my petition to allow me into the games! Now, who will do the honor of signing?" Merida asked the crowd, pacing from one end to the other.

"Go home, DunBroch!" Someone shouted from the stands.

"Oh, you're the lucky winner! I'll go home once you sign this paper!" Merida retorted.

Another person from the stands threw a plastic cup at her. "Oi! Are you going to take his place and sign my paper?" Merida questioned, turning to the cup thrower.

Hannah turned to Faith. "Do you have a pen?"

"Uh, yeah here," Faith answered digging through the pockets of her sweatshirt for a moment.

Hannah grabbed the pen and pulled up her right sleeve. Clicking the pen, she bent her arm and started to write on her arm.

"What are you doing?" She heard her friend ask.

"I came up with a tune just now, and I don't want to forget it," Hannah answered, glancing at Faith through her peripheral vision.

"Huh, well that girl's gone now, so the music should start up again," Faith noticed, turning her attention back to the crowd.

Hannah was busily sketching notes on her arm, when Faith nudged her causing her line to go astray. Hannah half-glared at her friend.
"What was that for?"

"Alex Hofferson is down there," Faith squealed.

"Psh, yeah right, he wouldn't be caught dead in one of those kilts," Hannah muttered, returning to her work.

"Yeah, well there he is right down there in a kilt with a bunch of others," Faith said, putting her hands on Hannah's cheeks and pulling her head in the direction of said boy.

When Faith had Hannah's head positioned the way she wanted, Hannah sighed and rolled her eyes. "Those guys are all blond down there and all their backs are to us," Hannah told her friend with no enthusiasm.

"But he was looking right over here," Faith complained, settling back into her seat.

So it is Friday, officially a week since I started writing this chapter, man too much homework. I think that my AP World History is giving us too much, I mean we have to pre-read then read and then read and take notes all in two nights for one chapter that is like 50 pages long. And I am in so much pain from being hunched over last night until ten at our kitchen table doing homework, my hand felt like it was going to fall off and my back is killing me. I swear that school will be the death of me. Anyways, the Highland Games were really fun, I tried haggis and thumps, which weren't all that bad and saw the band Albannach. I never thought about including the games in this story, but I was just like this is the perfect time to introduce a new critical character. I got second chair in orchestra! I'm so happy about that and it's great being second in charge of my section. Well, now I have to go and write a narrative for English, until the next time I finish writing a chapter. P.S. This is the longest one ever!

7. Chapter 7

Chapter 7

**So it is Tuesday, I have no idea when any of the updates for my

stories will be, so much homework. I was lucky today; typically, I'm doing homework until nine each night, so this is why it is an update during the week. I don't own the Htttyd Franchise and please review.**

Gaping mouths and bugged out eyes was what Hannah was presented with after sharing her newest score. Applause broke out then, the film club loved it, and the music was exactly what they were looking for.

"Hannah, you've outdone yourself once again. I mean wow, with all the new routines and music you guys are practicing in band and you give us this," Justin praised, placing a hand on Hannah's shoulder.

"Well, I wouldn't have come up with it if Faith didn't invite me to the Highland Games a few weeks ago," Hannah blushed from the praise, it was an unnatural feeling.

"If you keep this up at the rate you're going, you'll probably have this done by January," Justin continued. "By the way, what do you call this piece?"

"Test Drive, because from what I can tell, it's the first time they're actually flying," Hannah smiled.

"I absolutely love it," Jamie gushed, rushing to Justin's side.

The bell for the next period rang then. The film club and Hannah exited the auditorium for their next class. Hannah walked around the auditorium to the chorus room in the hall by backstage. Today, students were going to audition for the women's acapella group. Some of the students were good, others, not so much.

Okay, sorry this one is like ubers short, but I kinda lost my train of thought for this chapter and just wanted to start a new one either tonight or tomorrow morning. You should feel special, I'm not going to my school's homecoming game because I'd rather be home writing FanFiction (but our school's football team stands no chance against Concord, I mean those guys are state champs).

So adios until either later tonight or tomorrow morning!

8. Chapter 8

Chapter 8

Woohoo! Last night on the news, they were posting the scores from the football games. And guess what? Our school rocked, beating the state champs by one point! 14-13, now tonight for homecoming, everyone is going to be so pumped up. And now our school gets to go to the Turkey Bowl.

**So I wrote what is above on Saturday, by the way I failed at updating yesterday because when I got up my mom was all like oh go do your homework so that I can take you shopping for a homecoming dress. Homecoming was really fun, I think that my dad's side of the family thinks that I'm dating one of my friends even though we were like let's take a picture of the two most rocking cellist at school and

such. It was a lot of fun (:**

When the bell rang signaling the close of the school day, Hannah started on the all too familiar route home. Darla wasn't able to drive her home anymore since she decided to join the cheerleading squad. Hannah could have cared less; she liked the long walks because they gave her time to think.

After the hour-long walk, Hannah was surprised to see her dad's car parked in the driveway. He only ever came home if there was a problem or if there was a meeting earlier that day. The closer she got to the house, the more nervous she felt, having an idea as to there being a problem.

Turning the door handle, a rush of relief washed over Hannah. She was not greeted by the booming voice of her dad. Instead, it was a harsh whisper. "We made a deal."

"Great to see you too, Dad," Hannah greeted, not looking forward to this conversation.

"You promised that you would stop all this and you broke that promise," her dad said, hurt present in his voice.

"Yeah, well that was after I committed to something," Hannah replied bluntly, hand still gripping the doorknob.

"I can't believe you; you agreed to stop with all this music business when school started. Then I come home to find that little room of yours covered in all kinds of papers that I know weren't there before," her dad was losing his temper, voice rising with each word.

Hannah just glared at the floor off to the left, not wanting to look at her dad, her jaw clenched.

"Oh and great, now you got your hair cut just like how your mother's was. We agreed a long time ago to let go of the past. Now you're even more of a spitting image than before!" Her dad boomed gesturing at her hair.

"I didn't even know that mom had the same hair cut," Hannah choked weakly; tears were beginning to build in her eyes.

"Well, she did. God, you're just like her, you know you put me through pain every time I look at you? She loved music too. I only got you that little room of yours because I thought I could cope with it but no, I can't!" Hannah's dad turned on his heel then, and made his way to Hannah's music room.

"Wait, no dad. What are you doing?" Hannah followed him in hopes that he wouldn't do what she thought he would.

She was too late. Her keyboard was already thrown to the ground, various cracks visible; a trumpet lay on the ground, dents covering the brass. Looking up from the mess, she glared at her dad before running out the still open door. Tears fell freely from her eyes.

Hannah did not look where she was going; she went where her legs

carried her. She ended up going to the all too familiar spot in the woods on the other side of the neighborhood. She used to come here when similar situations occurred, but never to that extent.

Hannah grabbed a tree to stop herself from running and slide to the ground. She brought her knees to her chest and wrapped her arms around them, tucking her head in the remaining space. Sobs escaped her and at the moment, she did not care. Sure, her dad has said mean things before, but never anything like that.

A stick cracked and Hannah whipped her head up in that direction. Her face was stained with tears. The thing that caused the stick to crack ended up being a person. Hannah gave them a deadpan look before scooting around the tree so she would not have to see them.

The person just walked around the tree and stood in front of Hannah.

"What do you want?" Hannah asked no emotion in her voice.

"Why are you out here? It's almost November and all you're wearing is a sweatshirt," the person asked in return.

"I asked you first," Hannah said, glaring at them through her eyelashes.

"Wondering why a girl with a seemingly perfect life is out here crying," he finally answered.

"My life is far from perfect, Alex," Hannah whispered, looking away.

"So, why are you out here?" Alex asked ignoring her comment, moving to sit.

"My Dad and I got in a fight," Hannah answered, still not looking at him.

"About what?" He asked.

"Why does it matter? It's not important," Hannah mumbled.

"Well obviously it must be important, otherwise you wouldn't be out here in the first place," he pointed out.

Hannah looked at him, her mouth slightly open. "Why do you have to be so perceptive? Just get out of here and leave me alone," she spat, looking away again.

"Not until you tell me why you're out here," Alex objected.

"I already told you, my Dad and I got in a fight. Now, please leave," Hannah requested.

"About what though?" He persisted.

"For the love ofâ€" it was about my mom," Hannah could feel herself getting frustrated.

"What about her? It seems silly to fight about a family member," Alex

asked.

"How much I resemble her," Hannah's voice quavered. She never spoke to anyone about her mom before.

"Then why fight about it?" Alex questioned.

"Becauseâ€¦ She's dead," Hannah looked at her toes, she felt new tears forming.

"I'm sorry," Alex offered. He did something that Hannah did not expect in the slightest; he wiped away the tears rolling down her face.

Hannah looked up at him then, shocked. "I bet that she was wonderful," Alex said.

"I wouldn't know, I don't remember, she died when I was a baby," Hannah whispered.

Alex looked sad. He pulled Hannah into a hug then and whispered, "She must've been a great woman, she did make you after all."

Hannah's brows knit together in confusion at the gesture, but it was over as soon as it happened and then he was gone, leaving Hannah by herself and confused.

****So while writing this I wasn't sure if I was sniffing from the situation but it turns out that, I'm sick. Well it's a new record, I always get sick the second week of school, but I made it a whole month. When my trumpet-playing friend, Luke, found out they were going to the Turkey Bowl, he was like aw no I have to miss my favorite holiday. And apparently, I'm a necromancer in my other trumpet friend, Muzzy's music warfare. A month ago, he posted on Facebook something along the lines of, "Guys, if your parents ever ask why you call me Muzzy is it because he's Muslim? I want you to look them dead in the eye and say with a straight face, 'no he's Jewish.'" Ah my band friends. Well until next time. Please review and let me know what you think.****

9. Chapter 9

Chapter 9

****Curse my sister's band director. My sister got her songs for her Christmas Concert and of course, they are carols. I am not making this up, I am literally listening to Christmas music on Pandora, and it is only the beginning of October. So since I am now in the Christmassy mood I feel like skipping all of November in this story just because the only event I had planned was the Turkey Bowl game. They didn't win, because not everything always works out perfectly.****

****I admit that the last chapter was confusing but I just wanted to get those two scenes in to help set up the rest of the story. Can I just say this once and have it apply to the rest of the story from now on? I don't own the Httyd Franchise and please review.****

"Do I have to?" Hannah complained.

"Yes, now get your fanny out here," Faith ordered.

"But it's uncomfortable and short," Hannah protested, leaning against the dressing room door.

"Oh, quit your complaining and get out here," Faith ordered again.

A groan was heard from the other side of the dressing room. The door clicked, and out stepped Hannah in a deep navy one-shoulder shirred dress with rhinestones running down the left side of the dress. Her hair was at the point where it was too short to put up and too long to leave down.

"You. Look. Gorgeous!" Faith squealed.

"The only problem is, I'm going to my dad's annual company holiday dinner, not a club," Hannah deadpanned with sarcasm. "Besides, I think I'll just wear pants," Hannah shrugged and walked stiffly back to the dressing room.

"Hannah, you're no fun," Faith semi-shouted to her friend.

*_*_*_* Later that Day*_*_*_*

Hannah and her dad had been at odds since their fight in late October. The rode in awkward silence to the company dinner at some fancy hotel Hannah couldn't remember the name of.

When her dad's car stopped at the hotel, he turned to her, "Behave yourself."

Hannah resisted rolling her eyes. "Like I always do," she said emotionlessly, getting out of the car.

"Hannah!" Someone shouted. Hannah turned to see someone running towards her.

When they were closer, Hannah asked, "I'm sorry, but do I know you?"

"It's me, Cameron," he said.

Hannah gave him a quizzical look. "Look, you're going to have to be more specific, there is more than just one Cameron in the world."

"From the games, you were there with some blonde girl," Cameron explained.

Hannah thought for a moment. "That's right, you're the one who invades complete and utter strangers' personal space," Hannah recalled with sarcasm before walking away.

"Well, I wanted to apologize for that, I want to get to know you more. I mean one of our parents already work for Haddock Industries, look at how much we have in common," Cameron offered, easily catching up to her.

"I'd prefer not to, and I am pretty positive that that is the only

thing we have in common," she declared.

"Well just for tonight at least, I mean I don't see anyone else our age here, so either be lonely or hang with me," he proposed.

"Fine."

"Great," he smiled slinging an arm around Hannah.

She moved away from as fast as his arm reached around her. "Don't touch me." _This is going to be a long night,_ she mentally groaned.

** Hey, guys, sorry it's been like what, 2 weeks? I've been real caught up in homework, studying, and sleeping so that's where I've been. In addition, apologies for this short chapter, I just wanted to get this out. And know you know who the new character is! I only put Merida in that chapter a few back because of the Scottish games. Until hopefully sometime this weekend or next weekend.**

10. Chapter 10

Chapter 10

** I am so totally listening to the Frozen soundtrack right now on Spotify. So I have to write a speech in English, the next draft is due Wednesday, so I have time. By the way, I think it was Monday, and we had our first frost and without thinking I'm like well it looks like Jack Frost is in town and then I mentally smacked myself in the realization of referring to Rise of the Guardians after seeing it the day before.**

I'm excited for the 25**th****, I'm going to my friend's birthday party (she's turning 16) and we have to wear a costume, I'm going as a female version of Flynn Rider mostly m=because my hair is too long for his do. Then on the 29****th****, my friend and I are doing a thing at our school for little kids to go trick or treating and we're doing Doctor Who themed. She going to be the Tardis and I'm going to be Matt Smith, it's going to be awesome, I just need to go to Newbury comics or something for a sonic screwdriver now.**

Oh, can anyone guess who Cameron is in the Httyd world? It shouldn't be too hard.

"So your dad owns Haddock Industries?" Cameron asked.

"Yeah, he says he's going to pass the company to me, but I want no part in it," Hannah confirmed, reaching for her glass of water.

"Well then, I should be calling you your majesty," Cameron teased, smirking as well.

Hannah choked on her water. "Oh god don't do that, then I'll feel even more awkward than I already do."

"Oh what's the harm," he smirked again.

Hannah saw an old acquaintance then, and called her over. "Thalia, Cameron. Cameron, Thalia. Why don't you guys get to know each other," Hannah made hand gestures to the two and left the banquet hall. She needed some fresh air away from the lousy music that the facility was playing.

She stepped out into the cold air of Berk's extreme winters. Hannah silently cursed to herself for not bringing at least a sweatshirt but continued to her dad's car.

After unlocking the car via code pad, she reached in the back for her bag. She closed the door to the driver's side and made her way to the hotel lobby next-door thinking that something more like elevator music would be better than what was playing at the banquet.

The woman at the front desk did not mind her sitting in the lobby for a few hours and offered her bottled water. Hannah declined though and made her way to a table near the corner of the glass wall. Once seated, she pulled her laptop from her bag and started scrolling through an email from the film club.

Hannah, we just found out that big name film studios are going to be at the film festival in the spring! Isn't that exciting or what? Anyways, keep up the good work I can't believe that we're getting closer and closer!

Have a rocking holiday, the most amazing people ever

Hannah laughed to herself at the last line; they were all amazing. She then clicked to open the music program containing all her masterpieces, as she liked to call them. Her newest completed tracks included: Dragon Battle; The Downed Dragon; Wounded; The Dragon Book; Focus, Hiccup; Not So Fireproof; This Time for Sure; and Astrid Goes for a Spin, which was her favorite of them all so far.

The Philharmonic group was going to be busy preparing with all this new music Hannah was sending them at about one piece every week and a half depending on its length.

Hannah opened a new document but was unable to focus on the task, her mind kept wandering back to her mother. Eventually she gave up trying to concentrate and typed her mother's name in Google. What popped up were a few news articles about her mother's work in the music industry and a few others about her volunteering in Central Africa, and then the last site link Hannah saw was that of a plane crash almost fifteen years ago.

She found this odd; her dad had told her that her mother had died in childbirth. She opened the link to see why it was related to her mother. Hannah then saw why, officials had determined that everyone had died on impact, but there was something mysterious about one of the passengers. One of the seats that had been booked was empty, and the person occupying the empty seat was nowhere to be seen at or around the scene of the crash. After a year of assuming that the passenger was missing, they declared Vivianne Haddock dead.

"No wonder why he said that stuff, he didn't want to deal with the hope of just maybe there was a chance that she is still alive," Hannah said subconsciously voicing her thoughts.

Her phone buzzed on the table just then. She picked the device and looked at the screen; it was her dad asking where she was. Hannah packed up her things and left the hotel lobby for her dad's car.

****Just wanted to let you all know that I do plan to do a sequel to this story when I finish it :) Please review and let me know what you think.****

11. Chapter 11

Chapter 11

****Ah, it's good to be back, with all the homework I've been having I'm up till 9-10 on a regular basis, but no school today because of elections. Good luck Cody in your first running ever for state rep! Also, good luck Patti on being county prosecutor again! Halloween was fun, I decided to just be Matt Smith for all Halloween related things this year and it was great. So here's this chapter.****

The car ride home was filled with an awkward silence. Hannah's dad spoke up when they pulled into the garage, "So I saw that you, Cameron, and Thalia were getting along."

Hannah turned to face her dad, dropping her hand from the door. "Uh, yeah, it was just like when Thalia and I were little," she half-whispered.

"You know, that boy Cameron isn't that bad, I was talking to his parents tonight," Her dad offered.

"Dad, I don't like Cameron," she stated flatly.

"Oh, sure you do, I saw him walk you in," her dad mused.

"No, I'm pretty extra sure that I don't," Hannah insisted, finally opening the car door.

"When's Darla going to be back?" Her dad asked, changing the subject.

"Never, I hope," Hannah answered under breath. "I don't know she went home for break."

Hannah woke up in the middle of the night, not able to fall back asleep. She went to grab her laptop from her desk and decided to work on the movie's soundtrack. She knew exactly what to work on too.

When she finished, she saw that it was around three in the morning and decided to send it to Justin as a Christmas present. She felt that this was what he was looking for. She just hoped that he liked it too. What she was not expecting though was an almost instant reply with a few minutes in between.

Hannah, this is exactly what we needed for this scene! Where in the world do you come up with the ideas for this stuff?_

Hannah replied to Justin's email with a simple answer: I compose

what I feel._

She then turned her laptop off, feeling satisfied with herself. She only had ten pieces left to compose and most of them were nearly finished.

That morning Hannah was greeted by the sound of the doorbell right as her feet hit the bottom step of the stairs. Not knowing whom in their right mind would have the nerve to disturb people before ten on Christmas. But curiosity got the best of her and so she went to answer the door.

"Oh god, what do youâ€"how do you know where I live?" Hannah asked when she saw who it was. Her face dropped at the sight of the blonde teenager standing before her.

"I came to wish you a Merry Christmas, here. And I'm spending the holiday with my relatives who just so happen to live in this neighborhood," the blonde answered, handing Hannah a small box wrapped in green with a silver colored bow.

"What's this?" Hannah asked, holding the box up and trying to hide the disgusted expression that threatened to creep onto her face.

"It's a gift, my cousin is crazy is about you," he winked.

"Yeah, sorry, you must have the wrong person, I know for a fact that being the least popular girl in school means that no one would ever dare think about liking me," Hannah deadpanned, handing the box back to its messenger.

"Now, that is where you're wrong. My cousin likes you," he grinned.

Hannah groaned. "Please tell me that you're not related to Tate, otherwise my life will be a living hell, literally."

"He's not this Tate person you speak of," he reassured, handing Hannah the gift back.

"Fine, Cameron, I'll take this silly thing, but this doesn't mean anything," Hannah grumbled. She and her cousin were the only girls who lived in the large neighborhood, so she had no clue as to whom Cameron's cousin was.

When Hannah closed the door, she heard her dad walking down the stairs. "Who was at the door?" He asked voice still thick with sleep.

"Just that kid Cameron from last night, dad," Hannah answered, placing the small box behind the garland that lined the hall table.

"Well he's a fine lad, now isn't he?" Her dad pondered for a moment before walking into the kitchen.

"Oh yeah, the Jorgenson's are coming over later," he added as a second thought.

"Alright, I guess I'll go and get ready then," Hannah said mostly, to herself before climbing the stairs with the small box.

She placed the box on her desk before going to take a shower. She had no plans to open it; she did not want to show that she returned feelings to whoever gave her the gift.

Yikes. I have been extremely busy you guys, sorry for that. I kinda just had to stop here couldn't think of how to continue it, so sorry for the shortish chapter.

** Let's just say that the semester is almost over and that means midtermsâ€¦ yay! No, not really, because I am always sick during big tests so I have noticed. But I will try to update when I can. Please review and let me know what you think. And yes, Cameron is Camicazi.**

End
file.